



It will be with genuine regret that many people in Utah read of the troubles of the "Corianton" company and of its dissolution. The regret will be all the more keen that most people feel the trouble might have been averted, had the proprietors exercised the same care throughout, that they used in securing the actor to head the company. The choosing of Mr. Haworth was ideal, but after that the two important steps were to surround him with adequate support and then to place the entire management in hands that had had just as much experience in directing big theatrical attractions, as Mr. Haworth had had as an artist. The theatrical plain is strewn with the corpses of enterprises which were deserving, but which perished for lack of proper management. After the damage is done, it is easy enough to point out how it might have been avoided, and nothing could be farther from the desire of the "News" than to add to the troubles of the organization by any criticism. Whatever faults have existed have arisen from lack of experience, nothing more. The work on all hands has been of the most Lillian character, and the people here will still go on feeling that "Corianton" has not yet been given a fair test, and will all unite in wishing that it may fall into the hands of a New York manager, one up-to-date and thoroughly posted on all its needs, and who will not hesitate to invest it with everything which it requires to secure a first-class interpretation. With such an opportunity it is not too much to expect that all the pains that have been expended and all the money that has been paid out, (unfortunately a considerable sum), will be returned to the home workers who planned their work with the play.

Next week will be a busy one at the theatre. Opening Monday with a wedding match, the patrons of the house will be given an opportunity to meet something of varying taste every night. Tuesday and Wednesday with a Wednesday matinee, comes Birn's "Hearts of Oak," one of the first plays which the author of "Shore Acres" and "Sag Harbor" turned out. It was played in Salt Lake years ago and is said to have been the drama from which "May Blossom" was taken. It is a sort of Enoch Arden style of drama and will be presented by what is supposed to be a strong New York company. Following "Hearts of Oak" comes one of the big red letter events of the season. Mr. Stoddard in "The Bonnie Brier Bush."

The long awaited visit of J. H. Stoddard is set for next week. On Thursday "The Bonnie Brier Bush" with Mr. Stoddard as Lachlan Campbell, will come for an engagement lasting only three performances. The others will be on Saturday afternoon and evening. Stoddard is the finest actor of his time, and his engagement in Salt Lake is the finest of his career. His memories have recently been published in one of the magazines. He has been on the stage continually for 25 years, and this is his first start-up. In telling of his engagement in Salt Lake, Mr. Stoddard recently said this way to an eastern reporter: "I have had many opportunities to be, but never came across a part I understood sufficiently strong and well adapted to my qualifications until I met Lachlan Campbell. I studied the old Scotch Presbyterian elder, who let his gloomy theology make a waste of his life. When I first met the book, though, I had no idea Mr. Watson would permit the dramatization. I began to hanker after the role of old Lachlan. I fairly got to hankering about it. Indeed, I started to write a scenario of a dramatization myself. Then one day I heard that it had been dramatized by James McArthur, the editor of 'The Bookman,' and Augustus Thomas, the author of 'Lachlan.' The next day I heard that Mr. Lachlan, who had secured the role, was looking for me to see if I would play Lachlan. He didn't have to look you may believe. I went to him directly and told him that, if necessary, I would play Lachlan for fifty more than not to play him at all."



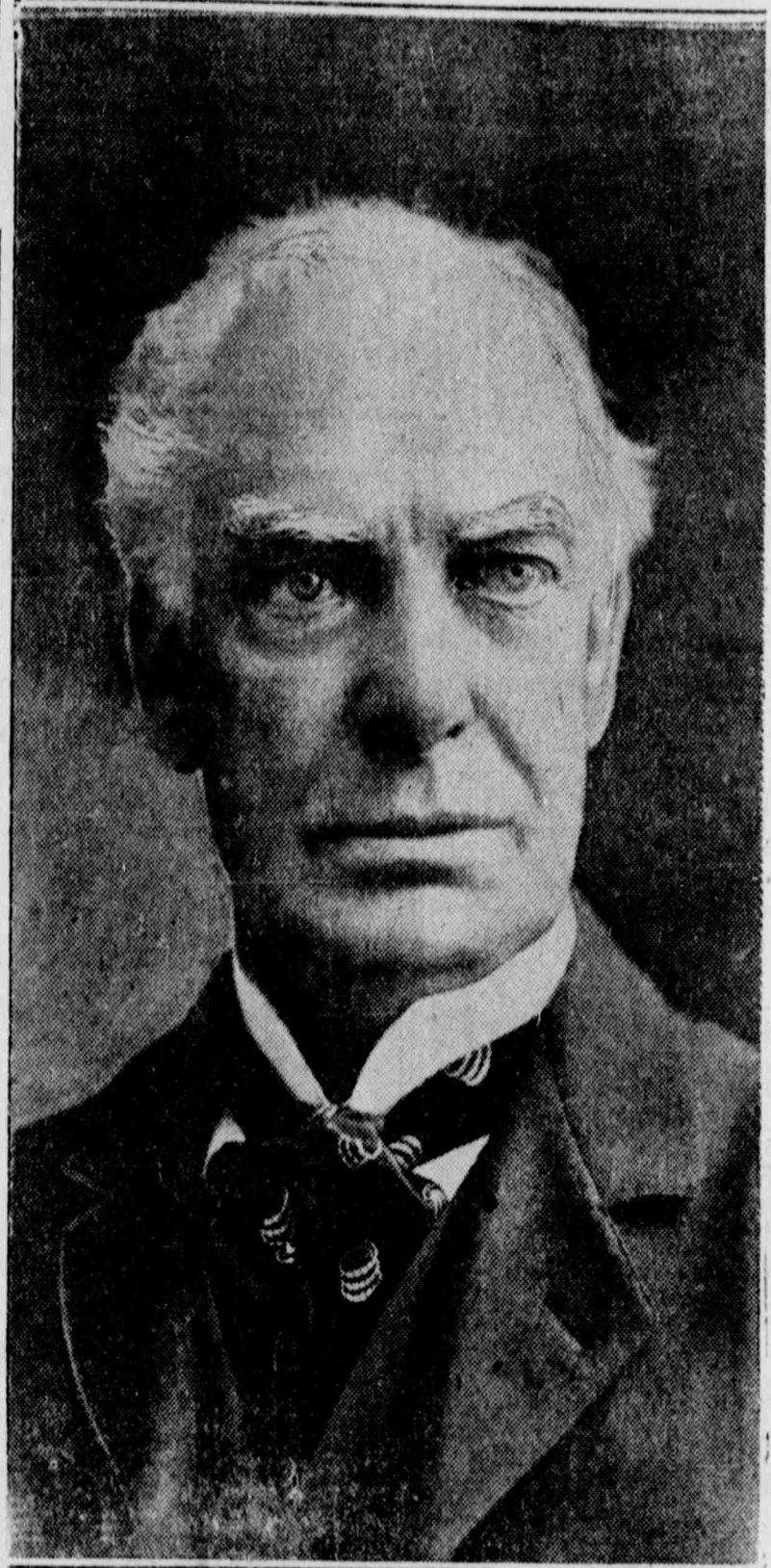
R. C. EASTON.

Own "Bob," as everyone knows, comes to Salt Lake next week as a member of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" company; his only work is done as a singer in the quartet. This will be Mr. Easton's second season with Stoddard, and both he and that actor being Scotchmen, an affection of the strongest sort has sprung up between them. Mr. Easton's wife (well known to the readers of the "News" as "Annet") is in Salt Lake awaiting his coming.

announced, and other items thrown in are the rapid crossing of the stage by an express train of passenger coaches, going at a speed of forty miles an hour. This promises Messrs. Jones & Hammer much, and it reaches us over the signature of the treasurer of the house.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week the Grand presents "Over the Sea," another sensation, though this time it is said in England. Judging from the synopsis we would say that it is the old story of "Never Too Late to Mend" worked over again, inasmuch as the press agent's copy says it tells of the adventures of Tom Robinson, who passes through an English jail into the gold fields of Australia. No better source could be consulted for an up-to-date drama than Charles Reade's great novel, and if the dramatist has done his work well, and the company has been selected with care, a treat is in store.

The last week in November has been selected as the date when the public



J. H. STODDARD.

Dear old Stoddard! No one of the thousands in Salt Lake who have lovingly watched his work in the past, will surely fail in paying him tribute now that he visits us at the head of his own company. Mr. Stoddard is in his 35th year, and who knows whether we shall ever have the privilege of seeing him again! From the time he first began to visit us as a member of A. M. Palmer's great Union Square company, 20 years ago, he has held a fixed place in our affections. The list of plays in which he has left a vivid impression, is so numerous that it can hardly be stated, but Salt Lake theatergoers will never forget his rendition of Seth Preen in "The Lights of London," Babbalanja in "The Banker's Daughter," the old lawyer in "Daniel Roebuck," the stern father in "Les Rentiers," the delightful old minister in "Alabama," and the wronged father in "Saints and Sinners." It was in this play that he made his greatest success here, and the Home Dramatic club in its final days, brought Mr. Stoddard out from New York and revived the beautiful play a whole week, with Governor Wells in the leading young man's part. Mr. Stoddard's last appearance here was with Henry Miller in "The Only Way," and the action of the piece had to be interrupted to allow the old actor to receive the floral offerings which went over the footlights.

At the Grand "The Tide of Life" to-night winds up another week that has been fairly prosperous, considering the nature of the attraction that opened it. Monday night the management introduces "The Denver Express," Holden Bros' wild west sensation. A quartet of Indians is among the features

will have the opportunity of first hearing the new Symphony orchestra, organized by Mr. Arthur Shepherd under the auspices of the Theater management. Rehearsals of the organization of thirty men are being steadily pushed, but it has been impossible to find a date before now, because the musicians of the city are so generally occupied that it was difficult to find a night when they could all come together. Such a date has been secured, however, at the Theater within the next four or five weeks. Mr. Shepherd announces that the feature will be the playing of the entire organization, but the strongest vocal soloist possible to secure will be engaged, and an instrumental solo by a local artist is also promised.

The management is in the hands of Mr. Pryor of the Salt Lake Theater, and our people will be given a chance to show whether they are willing to encourage such an organization in this city. It should by all means be made a permanent.

Salt Laker will be most sorry to learn that the tour of Nance O'Neil in London has been suddenly closed. The season was \$20,000 behind when the engagement terminated. The reasons are generally conceded to be the unwise selection of plays, as she chose those in which Bernhardt had immediately preceded her. The New York Herald of Saturday last says: "Mr. McKee Rankin, whose season at the Adelphi theater with Miss Nance O'Neil came to an abrupt close recently, told me that he was just about to sail with Miss O'Neil for America. Where the actress will shortly open. A New York theater has not yet been secured, but Mr. Rankin says he will wait until their arrival before making an engagement."

"I made a great mistake in playing at the Adelphi," said Mr. Rankin. "I did not know the condition of things there, or that Mr. George Edwards was hostile to the 'American Invasion,' and inspired an influential portion of the London press. Miss O'Neil was made an innocent young victim."

Evan Stephens, who never allows the grass to grow under his feet when the interests of the Tabernacle choir are concerned, has been doing something to get to San Francisco in the last few days to the manager of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" company. As a result of the negotiations the manager has allowed Mr. Easton to appear in a song recital at the Tabernacle on next Friday afternoon. Mr. Easton will be heard in a round of his most popular songs, and will be strongly supported, probably by the choir and certainly by

the organ, with the possibility of some other local aid. Popular prices of admission will be put in force, and Mr. Easton's friends will without doubt turn out en masse to greet him.

There seems to be no doubt from the way the Chicago papers talk that Viola Pratt Gillette has made an undoubted and an emphatic success in that city. It is gratifying to notice from the newspaper reports that "Miss Gillette" (as she is styled by her managers) never seems to be backward about claiming Salt Lake as her place of nativity. This is in pleasant contrast to some others of the profession who studiously conceal the fact that they are Utah born. The Saturday Evening Herald, a Chicago illustrated paper, gives Miss Gillette two or three columns of high praise, and the Inter Ocean prints her portrait with this notice:

"Miss Viola Gillette, the Princess Charming of 'The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast,' is to have a birthday anniversary on Tuesday. She is to give a unique theater party at the Illinois. Her invited guest, and there will be but one, is coming all the way from Salt Lake City. The unusual feature of the one invited guest is easily understood, however, when it is known that it is the young woman's mother and that she has never seen her daughter on the stage. The Chicago Yacht club is to attend the performance in a body, partly out of compliment to Miss Gillette, who is an enthusiastic yachtswoman. The club intends organizing several large theater parties during the season. The theater will be decorated in the club colors. After the performance Miss Gillette and her mother will be guests at a dinner. She is distinguished to state just what anniversary of her birth Tuesday will mark."

THEATER GOSSIP.

Sothen opened last week in "If I Were King," with his usual success.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moine will hereafter drop her maiden name entirely, so far as her advertising matter is concerned, and be known theatrically as Mrs. Le Moine.

Wilton Lackaye is the author of one of the songs rendered by Fay Templeton in the new Weber and Fields entertainment in New York. It makes satirical fun of the chorus girl with expressed ambition.

Louis James and Frederick Wardle will appear in this city on Monday and Tuesday the 20th and 21st. They are presenting Shakespeare's play of "The Tempest," and are having great success everywhere.

Henry Miller has a new play, called "The Master of the King's Company," in which he will appear as the actor Mehun in a drama of the time of Cromwell. He will produce the play in Washington about the middle of November.

This afternoon and evening will witness the farewell performance of "Alphonse and Gaston." The company has bravely stood out the week with a devotion worthy of a better cause. After tonight it steers direct for Texas, where no doubt, it will meet with a less critical reception than it has done here.

The Manhattan Theater, where there is talk of "Corianton" being produced in New York, is the home of Minnie Madden Fliske, and is generally looked upon as being an "unlucky" house. If "Corianton" secures a date there, it will be because Minnie Fliske has failed in her production of the "Rose of Plymouth Town."

A Montreal dispatch dated Monday last says: "Mr. Edward S. Willard here announced an engagement tonight at the Academy of Music in 'David Gai' before the largest audience seen in the house since it was opened. The company is much the same as on former tours, with the exception of Miss Maude Fahey, the leading woman, who scored heavily at Jada West. Mr. Willard was recalled at the conclusion of the first act."

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle have found it absolutely necessary to have one final preparation for their starting tour under the management of Ben. Stern, and through the courtesy of several managers allowing them to cancel their engagements, they will be able to close their vaudeville tour on October 4, in Detroit. Immediately after they will return to New York to organize the company and to begin rehearsals. Mr. and Mrs. Royle must be ready to start under Mr. Stern's management by November 1.

Hillary Bell's Letter.

Belasco and Mrs. Carter Fail as Speechmakers—Regrettable Return of the Immoral Plays—Failing Stars Everywhere.

Special Correspondence of the Deseret News.

New York, Oct. 7.—On the opening night of the theater named by his name David Belasco was so much overcome with emotion that he entirely forgot the speech which he had carefully written for impromptu delivery. His aphasia was unexpected by the manager and disappointing to the audience. Belasco is an excellent speech maker, not so much in the manner as in the matter. He has few oratorical graces, but an air of great simplicity and earnestness which bears with him as with conviction. His lips become parched after a few sentences, and while moistening them he has opportunity not only to observe the effect of what he already has said, but to prepare other and more telling expressions. On this momentous occasion everybody looked for a flight of Belascoan sentiment, but the manager was so filled with joy over his theater that he came forth as a dumb man, laid his head in his hand, a favorite action with him even in familiar conversation, said "Thank you, thank you, thank you," and fled behind the scenes to fetch Mrs. Carter.

His star is no Demosthenes either. On the tenth night of "Zaza" she sent for this chronicler, who was sitting in front. "Oh dear! Oh dear!" she cried in genuine agitation, "I know it. I feel it in my bones. They will want a speech after the fourth act. Mr. David is away and Minnie not think of a word to say. Please, please write out a few lines and I shall commit them to memory in a minute and be ready for the call." So it was done, and after a couple of readings Zaza was letter perfect, and with a ringing sigh of emotion in every sentence. When the call came it was a thunderous one. The crowded house rose to the burst of passion with which she always ended that scene and a roar of "speech, speech" filled the auditorium. Zaza staggered out, looked blankly at the audience, ran her thin fingers through her red hair, as if she were trying helplessly to collect her thoughts, and then, with a gasp, she flung over the arm of a chair she bowed, and wept, and cried, and waved her hand, and shook her head, and murmured "Thank you," and disappeared, to fall into a dead faint behind the scenes.

On this greater occasion also. Neither the happy manager nor his hysteric star could think of a line of what they had prepared to say, but stood bowing

An interesting event was the first production two weeks since in Green Bay, Wis., of Otis Skinner's new play, "Lazarre" based on Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's romance of the same title. Not the least interesting spectators in the audience were six Indians from the Oneida reservation, including Skenedah, the famous chief. Another interested spectator was Mrs. Josephine Phillips, adopted daughter of the late Oliver Williams, or "Lazarre," the founder of the Indian mission at Green Bay, and the alleged lost Dauphin of France, Louis XVII., who is believed to have escaped from that prison in Paris and grown up in this country among the Mohawks and Oneidas.

Maude Adams' return to this country has been postponed until the last of January at least. Whether or not she comes back at that time will depend altogether on the extent of her recuperation in the south of France, where she went the other day from Switzerland. She will pass most of her time until January at the Riviera. Miss Adams has just had her house in New York, at 22 East Forty-fourth street altered in a way that will relieve her of the necessity of going up stairs. She has built an extension on the first floor, which is to include her boudoir and bedroom, and a conservatory.

Persons who have met Miss Adams in Europe this summer say that she felt the need of rest most on account of the condition of her lungs. She always passed her summers when here at Ontonagon, in the Catskills, where on a high mountain, she stored up strength for the winter. Last spring her physicians advised her to try Switzerland.

MUSIC NOTES.

Reginald de Koven has announced the erection of a theater in New York to be the home of light opera. Works on the order of "Robin Hood" will be produced, and Mr. De Koven expects to write himself an opera every year for the new house.

An orchestra of 134 men and a chorus of 112 singers took part in the recent Wagner performances at Munich. Our Metropolitan Opera House in New York, which yields a profit of \$100,000 a season, can afford to employ only half as many performers.

The royal Italian band of 55 artists is to be heard in the Tabernacle next month. This is the organization which has been filling a long engagement in Omaha, and the one that "Corianton" was unfortunately enough to encounter there. It is headed by the great leader, Rivera.

A Vienna dispatch says: The hitherto unacted opera "Zaira," composed by Mozart when he was 24 years old, was presented at the Imperial Opera House tonight. The scene is laid in ancient Greece. Only some parts of the work proved a great success. The critics do not believe the opera will have a long stage life.

It is reported from Rome that the score of an unpublished opera by Ponchielli, composer of "La Gioconda," who died in 1896, has been found among his papers. It is entitled "The Moors of Valencia," the heroine being a Moorish girl who becomes the object of the love of Philip II. and is killed by her father to preserve her honor. The opera is to be produced at Cremona this winter.

Mascagni has arrived in New York, and had the customary hysterical greeting from his worshippers. He probably got a new idea of our institutions when he was notified as soon as he landed that his own orchestra of 45 people, selected by him with great care, would not be allowed to play in New York because of the rules of the musicians' union. Fume and chafe as he might, Mascagni had to submit, and his big band will, therefore, have to remain in idleness till he leaves New York city on his western tour, when he will be allowed to utilize its services.

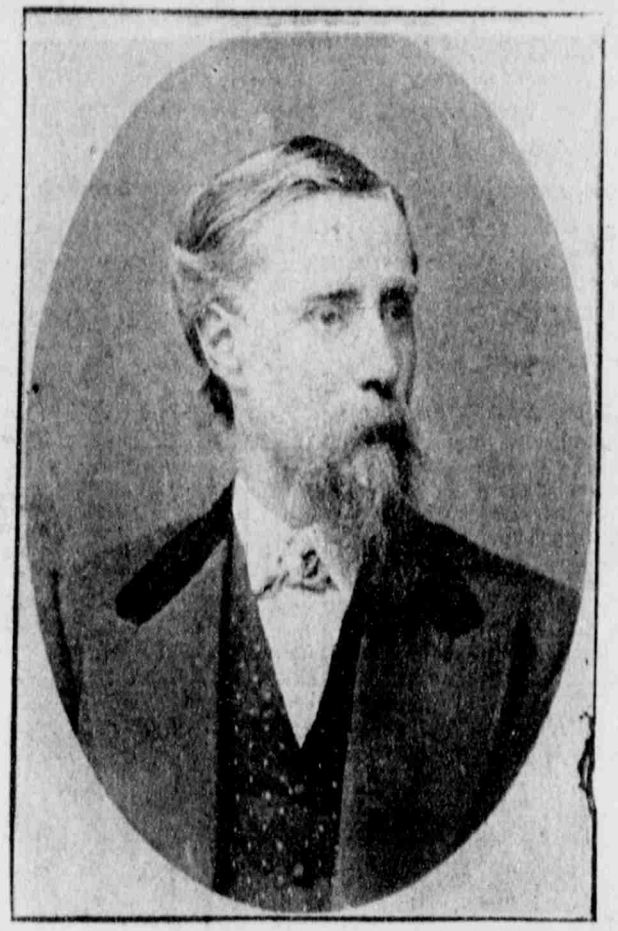
"I paid Adelina Patti a pound of candy for singing at her first concert," said Hermann Grau, the oldest operatic manager in America. "Little Miss Patti was at that time 7 years of age, and her concert was held in Willard's Hall, Washington, D. C. I was well acquainted with her parents. They lived at that time on Twenty-second street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. They were poor until the little prima donna's singing brought them \$100 per week. Her singing was regarded as marvelous for a child, but no one imagined that she would afterward receive \$18,000 for three concerts, as she did in 1893."

dumbly, like mandarins, until the stage manager, in terror of their sudden collapse on the stage, rang the curtain down. Next day Belasco was enraged at himself for losing the opportunity of a lifetime, and the Trust's manager still because he had not stood up like a little man and ascribed all his success to the long training which he had received with Daniel Frohman at the Madison Square and Lyceum. As for Mrs. Carter, she simply said: "Well, I can't help it. I never could and never hope to make a speech. So that's all there is about it. Z! Z!"

Although speechless, Belasco made a tremendous success. His house is the most beautiful amusement building that has ever been seen. The Belasco theater is a marvel of luxury, taste and completeness, and the California who came to New York to make his living and who, for 20 years or so, has sounded all the depths and shallows of theatre fortune, now possesses a play house that is one of the wonders of the metropolis. Partly because he has too much of a genius to remain dependent, and too dangerous a manager to be allowed independence, Belasco has had a hard time of it. The syndicate tried at one time to crush at another to coalesce with him, and failing in both efforts, made his life miserable. Now he has won out, and as he never forgets or forgives, he means to return in his prosperity every blow he received in his poverty. In future the Belasco Theater will be the headquarters for reprisals and the house of too much trouble for the Octopus.

Meanwhile, that monster finds good luck with "Iris." Pinner's drama has aroused a storm of discussion which is of great profit to the box office. The World and Journal have written a series of editorials on the play, and are boldly blasting its prospects, but in reality making it impossible to secure tickets at the Criterion earlier than a month ahead. The amusing feature of this is the fact that while the moralists are confining their wrath to "Iris," much worse matters happen in "Aunt Jeannie" and "Two Schools." Mrs. Campbell was doing quite well with her kiss scene until she fell into a flame of indignation the spark which she had been assiduously blowing, and now Virginia Harned is reaping the harvest which Mrs. Pat sowed for her own benefit. If you are not a devotee of the play, it may be observed that "Iris" is innocent enough beside "Aunt Jeannie." The Pinner story is excused by art, while the Benson story possesses a salacity which has nothing

OLD SALT LAKERS.



GEORGE A. ALDER.

Old residents of the city and state will have no difficulty in recognizing the familiar features of George A. Alder, in the above reproduction, one of the pioneer merchants of Salt Lake. Mr. Alder arrived in this city September 26, 1867, after a long and hazardous trip across the plains, driving teams and wagons loaded with merchandise. At Fort Leavenworth he was commissioned by the government as captain of the train, that discipline might be exercised in dealing with the marauding bands of Indians that so frequently molested the travelers. Upon arriving in Salt Lake City, he formed a partnership with his father-in-law, the late George Dunford, under the title of George Dunford & Sons, the firm occupying the building immediately south of the Godde-Pitts Drug store on East Temple street, and a short time afterwards he opened a store of his own nearly opposite this. When the Z. C. M. I. was organized, and did business in the west end of the Emporium building, he was asked to take charge of the shoe department of the concern. Later he entered the employ of the Walker Brothers, in the same capacity, remaining with this firm for fifteen years. He again engaged in business for himself in 1890 at 50 East First South street under the firm name of Geo. D. Alder & Son. The panic which followed shortly afterwards proved disastrous for him as it did for many others.

Mr. Alder was possessed of a refined and genial nature and retained the respect and esteem of his business and social associates. He was born in Cheltenham, England, November 16, 1844, and came to America with his family when but a small child, locating in St. Louis, Missouri, with his parents, where he was raised and educated, joining the Church in April, 1867. He died suddenly in this city of heart failure, superinduced by acute gastritis, on January 4, 1898. Surviving him were his wife, Lydia D. Alder, president of the Utah Woman's Press club, and six children, Geo. D. Alder, of this city and George A. Alder, Jr., merchant and present postmaster of Whitney, Idaho, also Mrs. C. D. Schettler, Walter H. Alder, Sidney D. Alder and May C. Alder.

to defend it. But Mrs. Campbell is forgotten by the crowds that surge around Virginia Harned and Oscar Asche, who started out bravely last season, finds himself almost forgotten this year, and although he has cut down expenses by taking his wife as leading woman of the company, this economy is of little benefit to his fortune. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has faded out of the furor which she created last spring. Edward L. Willard, once high in our favor, announces discouragement that this is his farewell season, after which, republics being ungrateful, he will shake the dust of his shoes on America. May Irwin has retired temporarily if not permanently. Marie Dressler, who occupied in New York the place held by Dan Leno in London, has lost her hold, gone to bed sick with sorrow, and closed up "King High Ball" abruptly. Nobody seems to have a great longing for Edna May or Virginia Earle, though one widow has a high reputation in London, the other in New York.

Nor has the making of fresh stars been prosperous. James Lee Pinney, who was the head man of "The New Clown" company at the Garrick, failed to carry that piece, and has been replaced. Ida Conquest, who did so well as J. J. Drew's leading lady that Charles Frohman believed he had discovered another Maude Adams, graduated last week into stardom under Mr. Frohman's management as the central figure of "The Two Schools," and followed the center of the Madison Square stage being taken immediately and peremptorily by Jessie Busley, an unexpected quantity. Virginia Harned, who in private life is Mrs. E. H. Sothen, an actress of exceptional skill who has won her preferment fairly, was set out with a clamor of trumpets as the star of "Iris," but Oscar Asche, whom nobody in this country ever heard of, took the center of the stage from Mrs. Harned and upset the plans of the management and the traditions of the drama by making the villain of the play more interesting than its heroine or hero. In these perplexing circumstances the favorite ditty of many of our most pretentious players is "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are!" No wonder. Few of them know what they are, where they are at, or who's who in the drama this season in New York.

HILLARY BELL.

(See Musicians' Directory on Page 7.)

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